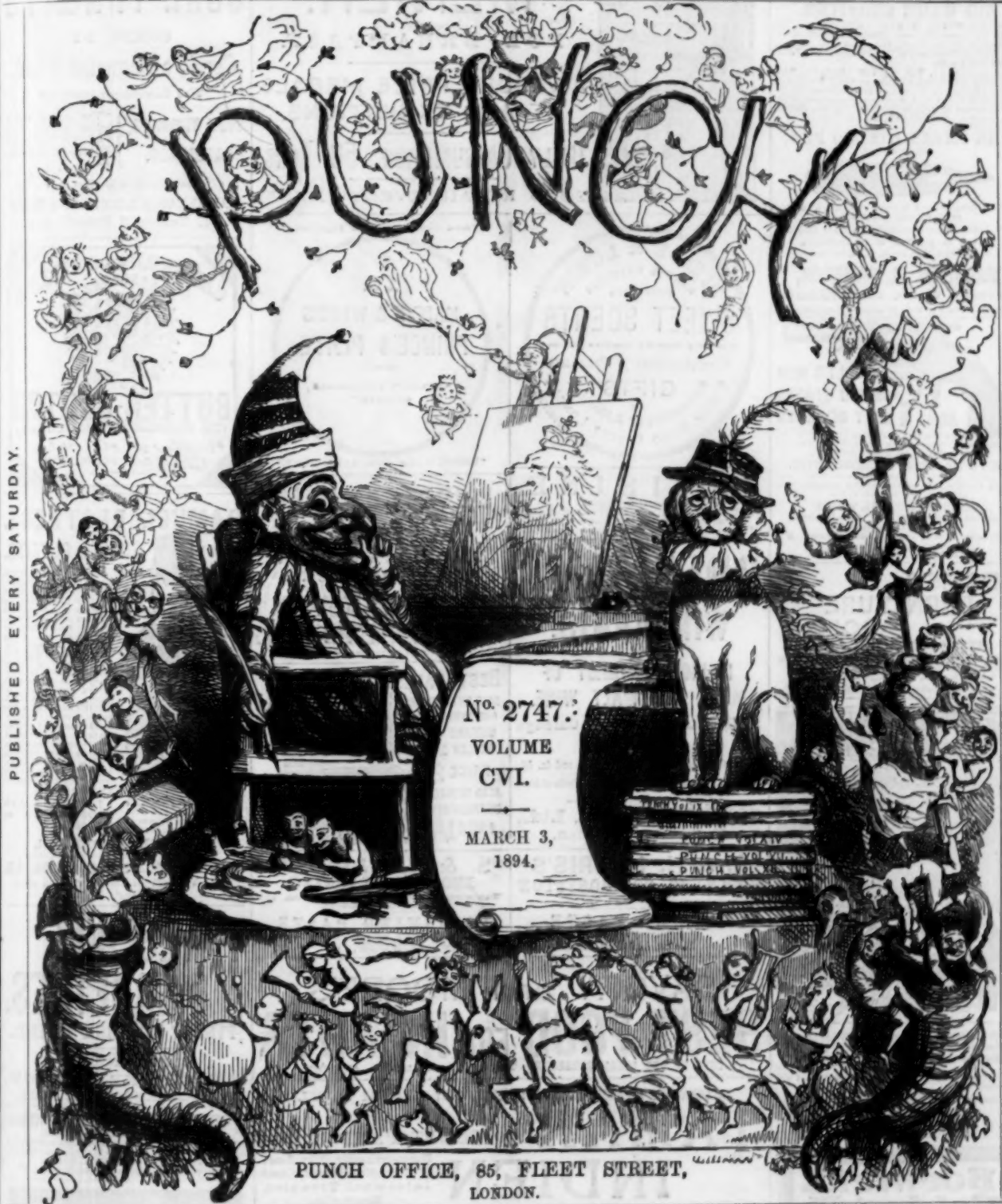


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## TO A CORILLA GIRL.

(By a Disciple of Professor Garner.)

MAID of Afric, kindly stay,  
From my cage I wish to say  
Words of thine—not said with  
ease—

Looking like a cough or sneeze,  
Or a cipher telegram,  
Hzergr ztti hnnupfb srth  
kkqam!\*

Goodness knows how one  
should sound  
Words where vowels don't  
abound;

I should hurt my throat or  
lungs  
If I tried these monkey tongues,  
Feeble linguist that I am!

Hzergr ztti hnnupfb srth  
kkqam!

By that lip, which thus can  
speak

With a most appalling shriek;  
By that rather hairy face,  
Full of troglodytic grace—  
Thy complexion is not sham;

Hzergr ztti hnnupfb srth  
kkqam!  
This my phonograph will say  
In a sentimental way,  
Thy pronunciation seems  
Far beyond the wildest dreams  
Of a MEZZOFANTI, ma'am;  
Hzergr ztti hnnupfb srth  
kkqam!

\* These words, in the Gorilla  
language, are translated by some  
authorities, "Oh my eye! Ain't  
she a stunner, and no mistake?"  
and by others, "Waiter, bring me  
a cocoa-nut and mashed bananas."



## AN AFFAIR OF TASTE.

Oxford Undergraduate (from America). "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO SEE  
OUR TOWN OF POKERVILLE, PROFESSOR—ONLY TWENTY YEARS IN EXIST-  
ENCE, AND FIFTY THOUSAND INHABITANTS!"

The Professor of Archaeology. "AH—YES—VERY INTERESTING. I SHOULD  
PREFER, MYSELF, A TOWN FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS OLD—AND TWENTY  
INHABITANTS, YOU KNOW!"

Maid of Afric, when I'm gone,  
Think of me, sweet, all alone  
In the London Prince's Hall,  
With my talk, a trifle tall,  
And my priceless phonogram,  
Hzergr ztti hnnupfb srth  
kkqam!

## THE GRAND OLD NAME.

[Canon BODY, in a sermon to  
men delivered in a church in the  
north, addressed his congregation  
as "Gentlemen."]

THANKS, CANON BODY! In the  
Church

We're glad of any "forward  
movement,"

And "Gentlemen!" for  
"Dearest friends!"

Is certainly a vast improve-  
ment.

No doubt, however, 'twill be  
best

Of moderate change to be  
solicitous;

"Dearly Beloved Gentlemen!"  
Sounds just a trifle infelici-  
tous.

At weddings, too, 'twould be  
a move

With curious consequences  
rife

To ask the Bridegroom—"Wilt  
thou have

This Lady to your wedded  
wife?"

"THE EGGS OF THE GREAT  
AUK."—The meagre result of  
our extra-long and over-weari-  
some Parliamentary Session  
might well be described as  
"The Egg of the Great Talk."

## A SHACONIAN FYTTE.

ACCORDING to a Detroit investigator, not only did BACON write  
"SHAKESPEARE," but also BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and all  
the other Elizabethan literature. However, the Hanwell Professor of  
Acrostics has gone several better. He sends the following:—



Eureka! Bravo! and  
Hooray! I've un-  
ravelled

The secret that sages for  
ages has gravelled!

Aha and oho! I've dis-  
covered the key,

That none of your  
sphinxes or lynxes  
could see!

Yes, the cryptogram  
mystic I solved in a  
minute!

Good gracious, IGNATIUS  
DONNELLY's not in it!

And "BACON" I've found for *all* names you must write,  
That for B-C-N would make an acrostical "light."

What need to explain? 'twere an act of presumption—  
My facts a child may know (*cum grano of gumption!*)  
These authors are merely (their number's immense)  
Ignoramuses, famous at BACON's expense!

For BACON wrote BYRON and BUFFON and BUNYAN,  
BURNSON, BEN JONSON (he *could* be a funny 'un!);  
While *Dodo* by "BENSON" his lordship may claim,  
And the Classics of BOHN were all bohned from the same!

Of names meaning BACON I'll give you a crack array,  
There's MERKEDITH, BLACKMORE, CHARLES DICKENS and  
THACKERAY,

And I've learnt by a system of crosses and noughts  
'Twas certainly BACON who wrote *Happy Thoughts*.

Yet more Verulamian cyphers I'll add on:—

BUCHANAN, DICK BURTON, "Miss" BROUGHTON, "Miss"  
BRADDON,

And Cookery-books, too, as "BEETON," he wrote—  
Why, these pseudonyms all simply BACON denote!

Nay, he *nearly* was "BROWNING," unless I'm mistaken;  
BESANT, BURNS, and BLAKE, too, just missed being BACON!

I'll swear he's the author of *Bradshaw* and *Burke*,  
And, to end, all "ANON." writes is really *his* work!

## NAY! NAY!

HEAVENS! What is this we read in a sporting paper?

"The injury to Lady HALLÉ's foot is rapidly mending, and her trainer  
declares the filly will be quite herself again in a short time."

How did this charming and distinguished lady damage her foot?  
And why is it reserved for a sporting contemporary to publish the  
intelligence? Is Lady HALLÉ perchance a horse, that she should do  
this thing? How irreverent (and inappropriate) to talk of her as a  
filly! Did she give a horse-laugh when she read about it? We  
pause for a reply. Was she playing excerpts from *Le Cheval de  
Bronze* or from *Cavalleria Rusticana* when she hurt herself? Please  
answer quickly.

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM.—When M. BERNARD,  
Commissary of Police, arrived at 24, Rue Ramey, on the morning  
of Feb. 19, he found the Anarchist, SÉBASTIEN FAURE, in bed and  
asleep. The weasel was, for once, caught asleep. The desperado  
was thus easily overpowered, although he was FAURE to one.

PAINFULLY CONSISTENT.—An Ultra-Ritualistic High Churchman,  
who is also an ardent lover of the chase, refuses to hunt on Wed-  
nesdays and Fridays during Lent, as he says on those days he will  
have nothing to do with any *meet*.



THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.



## THERE'S THE DIFFICULTY.

Brown (who has given Jones a mount, likewise a "lead," and has "popped over"), "COME ON, MAN! LET HER GO! SHE'LL DO IT!"  
 [With the accent on the "She." But, thinks Jones to himself, "Shall I?" With the accent on the "I."]

## THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.

(A long way after Coleridge and Southey.)

"For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do."—Dr. WATTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day  
 A-walking the Devil is gone,  
 To stir up strife in his favourite way,  
 And see how his work goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale  
 He went, and through swamp and scrub;  
 And backward and forward he swished his  
 long tail  
 As a golfer swishes his club.

And how then was the Devil clad?  
 Oh! he was dressed like a working lad,  
 With fustian jacket and corduroys stout,  
 And a hole behind where the tail came  
 out.

He saw poor Labour angry and blind,  
 And Capital proud though unstable;  
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in  
 mind  
 Of the strife between CAIN and ABEL.

Down the river there plied, with wind and  
 tide,  
 A Strike-pig with great celerity.  
 And the Devil looked wise as he saw the  
 while  
 It cut its own throat. "There," quoth he,  
 with a smile,  
 "Gees 'England's commercial prosperity!"

He went through the City, he went through  
 the alum,  
 Spied flocks of fashion and troops preda-  
 cious;

And he saw that the suffering poor were  
 dumb,  
 And their parasites loquacious;

And he saw that some from selfish choice,  
 And some from bitter need, were idle;  
 And he thought "I'll lift up a lawless Voice  
 That the Law itself can't bridle."

So he went down into Trafalgar Square,  
 And perched by a Landseer lion;  
 And he spouted loud to the gathering crowd  
 That he kept a sinister eye on.

He scanned their ranks, as they shambled  
 near,  
 With a cynic's critical scrutiny;  
 And he saw that some were loungers mere,  
 That some looked vicious, and some looked  
 drear,  
 While some 'neath the scourge of hunger and  
 fear  
 Were ripe for mischief and mutiny.

He saw that loafers with sodden lips,  
 And waifs with faces pallid;  
 Superfluous drudges from shops and ships;  
 Prowlers watching policeman's slips,  
 Law's mischances and Order's trips;  
 And sufferers true with starvation at grips,  
 To his audience all were rallied.

And he raised his voice and lifted his hand,  
 And he spouted—spouted—spouted!  
 Crass declamation that sounded grand,  
 Denunciations of Capital's band,  
 Of slavery rampant in Liberty's Land,  
 Sly appeals to the bomb and brand;  
 And the poor dupes nothing doubted  
 This "gent" so eloquent, fiery, bland,  
 With such warm love for the Horny Hand,

And though they could hardly half under-  
 stand,  
 They tossed their caps and shouted.

He stirred the poor to vain hope of good,  
 And the bad to fierce hope of evil.  
 With Satanic subtlety there he stood,  
 Appealing to every mind and mood,  
 And in half the hearts in his neighbourhood  
 He raised—the very Devil!

He left them girding at Order and Law,  
 And what was yet absurder,  
 Looking for Justice to empty Jaw,  
 Happiness in foul Anarchy's maw,  
 Rest 'neath the ravening tiger's paw,  
 And Brotherhood—in Murder!

The Devil unhitched his tail and went  
 And left his audience teeming  
 With simmering hate, blind discontent;  
 Left fiery hearts in a fierce ferment,  
 And fogged brains vaguely dreaming.

And he said with a grin on his sinister face,  
 "Fools love the Devil's oration!  
 Red revolt in their hearts will wake;  
 Idle hands will my death-tools take;  
 And if stolid Order I can but shake,  
 And move dull Law to the old mistake,  
 I rather fancy the town will quake  
 At streets as red as my own hot lake  
 And a general Conflagration."

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS."—The promi-  
 nent representative of National Liberalism in  
 the Reichstag is "Herr HASSE," and when-  
 ever he has to affix his signature to any docu-  
 ment he fulfils the Shakspearian dictum, and  
 "writes himself down a HASSE."



## THE IDEAL DEMOCRACY.

"I THINK you left directions that you were to be thawed in 1994 precisely," said the stranger politely. "Allow me to introduce myself—Number SEVEN MILLION AND SIX. If you feel equal to the effort, and would care to see the vast improvements in our social condition since the close of the benighted Nineteenth Century, I shall be pleased to conduct you."

Mr. Punch then began to realise that he had had himself frozen by a patent process just a hundred years ago, and that he had returned to animation in time for the close of the marvellous Twentieth Century; so he prepared, in much curiosity and excitement, to accompany his guide.

"By the way," observed the latter, "you must not be annoyed if your—hem—habilliments, which we are unaccustomed to nowadays, should attract some attention."

Singularly enough, Mr. Punch had just begun to feel a certain embarrassment at the prospect of being seen in Piccadilly or Regent Street in the company of a person attired in grey cellular pyjamas, a drab blanket, and a glazed pot hat. However, on reaching the street, he found that every man he met was similarly clad, while his own costume—which, in his original century, would only have been remarkable for its unimpeachable taste—was, in this, the subject of universal and invidious comment.

"You'll have your regulation pot hat and pyjamas served out to you in time!" said Mr. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX encouragingly. "Then no one will say anything to you. In these days we resent anything that tends to confer an artificial distinction on any man. Surnames, for example, which occasionally suggested superiority of birth, have long been abolished, and official numbers substituted. You seem to be looking for something you do not see?" he added, noting a certain blankness and disappointment in Mr. Punch's expressive countenance.

"I was only wondering why I saw no signs of any new and marvellous inventions at present," said Mr. Punch. "I rather expected to see the air full of electric trains, manageable balloons, or conveyors of citizens darting about on mechanical pinions. But I see none, and even more people go on foot than in my own time."

"Inventions, I take it," was the reply, "only served to enrich the Capitalist, and save time or labour. Now we have no Capitalists and no riches, and no reason for hurrying anywhere, while it would be absurd and useless to lessen the amount of manual labour when, even as it is, there is scarcely enough to keep everyone employed for six hours a day."

"Why are all the women I see dressed exactly alike in navy-blue woollen frocks and foal-scuttle bonnets?" Mr. Punch inquired presently. "Surely they can't all be members of the Sal—"

"A uniform costume was decreed by plebiscite some years ago," replied his mentor, promptly. "Any real equality amongst women was found hopeless so long as some were able to render themselves exceptionally attractive by a distinctive toilette."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Punch, "did all the pretty women consent to such a sacrifice?"

"They were in a very decided minority, even then," said Mr. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX; "and it is not our way to think much of minorities. At present, owing no doubt to an enactment which penalised every pretty woman by compelling her to wear blue goggles and a respirator, feminine beauty is practically extinct."

Mr. Punch could not restrain a sigh. They were now entering a somewhat gloomy thoroughfare, between massive blocks of buildings, with large doors and innumerable small windows, which towered into the sky on either hand.

"I seem to miss the shop-fronts," he said aloud, "with their plate-glass, and all their glitter and luxury. What has become of them all?"

"Such necessities as the citizen requires," said his companion, "are procured at the Public Storehouses, which you see around you, by the simple method of presenting a ticket. The luxuries you refer to were only procurable by the rich, and nobody is rich now. If you will come with me, I will take you over one of the State Dwelling-houses, and show you one of the suites of rooms. Every citizen has a room; or, if married, a couple of rooms, exactly the same shape and size as those of his fellows. . . . Beautifully clean, you see!" he remarked, complacently, as he threw open one of the doors. "Neat whitewashed walls, plain deal furniture, nice holland blinds—what more can any reasonable citizen want in the way of comfort?"

"There used to be a celebrated poet in my time," said Mr. Punch, with some hesitation, "who designed and sold very beautiful upholstery—tapestry, wall-papers, curtains, and so on. I fancy he held Socialistic views. But I see no trace of his work here."

"I think I know whom you refer to," was the reply. "The community would doubtless have been glad of his services if he would only have contracted to supply every citizen with precisely the same pattern and quality of his manufactures at, say, a pork-pie a yard."

But, for some reason, he could not see his way to it, and the industry declined; which is not to be regretted, for it certainly tended to foster individualism."

"It is curious," said Mr. Punch, when they were outside again, "that I have not as yet seen a single policeman."

"Not at all curious. We have none. Crime simply proceeded from the galling sense of social inequality. Consequently, as soon as that was removed, Justice, with all its machinery, became an anachronism."

"I think," said Mr. Punch, presently, "I should like to take a stroll in Hyde Park."

"That," said his guide, "has not been possible for at least fifty years. All the parks are now cut up into three-acre allotments, where every able-bodied citizen does an hour's compulsory spade-work once a fortnight. A most admirable reform, as you will agree!"

"Capital!" gasped Mr. Punch, with an anticipatory pain in his back. "Then I am curious to see what strides have been made by your modern painters. Could you take me to a picture-gallery?"

"There are no modern painters. It is perhaps a pity—but quite unavoidable. It was an obvious injustice that, when all citizens had to perform their share of more or less distasteful manual labour, there should be any one class that earned a living by work in which they took a positive pleasure. So that every artist had to do his six

hours' stone-breaking or brick-making, or what not, as an antecedent condition of being permitted to paint at all, and naturally the State declined to provide him with paints and brushes at the expense of the community. A few artists persisted for a while, from sheer love of the thing; but as no picture fetched more than a pound of sausages, and the average price was a bowl of porridge, they found it expedient to turn to some more useful occupation. And it is undeniable that they contribute more to the resources of the commonwealth by wielding a trowel or a broom than by messing about with brushes and paint. As a concession to hereditary instinct, however, their descendants are still set apart as State whitewashers."

"And the Drama?" Mr. Punch inquired next. "How is that getting on? Has the New Dramatist made his appearance at last?"

"On the contrary, I am glad to say he has disappeared—let us hope for ever. For the essence of Drama, as I understand, was Emotion—Passion, Jealousy, Marital and Parental relations, and so on. Now that marriages are the subject of State regulation, and extend only for a limited period, Passion, of course, is obsolete; Jealousy, too, is recognised as merely Selfishness in disguise, and we have grown too altruistic to desire the exclusive possession of anything. While, as the offspring of every union are removed at birth to a communal crèche, and brought up and educated by the



"None of your humour here, mind!"

State, there are no longer any opportunities for filial or parental affection."

"Then I presume Fiction is equally—?"

"Just so. Fiction depended on Contrast. When everybody is on precisely the same level, the novelist is, happily, unnecessary. What are you looking for now?"

"I was wondering if I could buy an evening paper anywhere," said *Mr. Punch*, wistfully. "But perhaps Journalism is also—?"

"Of course. Everyone is so contentedly and peacefully absorbed in contributing his share of work to the State, that he has no desire to read about the doings of other persons, even if there was anything of interest to be told, which there isn't. We produce just sufficient for our own wants, so there is no commerce; we have no Army or Navy, since we don't desire to conquer, and are not worth conquering. No Politics, because we govern ourselves by our own consent and co-operation; no Science, as inventors only benefited capital at the expense of labour; and, this being so, what is there to put into a newspaper, if we had one?"

"Haven't you even a—*a humorous paper?*" said *Mr. Punch*. "I used to do a little in that way once."

"You had better not do it *here*. Humour, I believe, consisted in representing Humanity under ridiculous aspects. *We're Humanity*, and we don't see any fun in being laughed at. None of your humour *here*, mind!"

"But the citizens have a certain amount of leisure, I suppose," said *Mr. Punch*. "How do they amuse themselves? For I can discover no libraries, no circuses, nor concert-rooms, nor anything!"

"It was seen to be invidious to furnish any entertainment at the public expense which did not give equal amusement to all, and so the idea was gradually dropped. When our citizens have finished their daily task, they find their relaxation, in the intervals of eating and sleeping, in the harmless and soothing practice of chewing gum. They can all do that, and the State provides each with a weekly supply for the purpose. Now tell me—is there anything *more* I can do for you?"

"Yes," murmured *Mr. Punch*; "if you would be so very kind as to freeze me again for five hundred years or so, I should be exceedingly obliged. I don't feel quite at home in *this century*!"

### A REAL LIVELIHOOD FROM LIVING PICTURES.

(An Appeal from the Bar to the Public.)

PERSONAL advertisement is one of the curses of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and it has no greater opponent than myself. Consequently, I am loth to attach my signature to any opinions save those forwarded in the customary course to my clients the solicitors.



Of late (during the last twenty years or so) those professional opinions have been few and far between. It seems that the Public prefer to be guided by their own untrained will, and shrink from asking advice at the hands, or rather the pen, of an expert. Still, when the Bar of England is expected to speak, I think I shall ever be ready to be the spokesman. Fortunately, too, there is no difficulty in deciding the proper place for the publication of the Bar's opinion. For more than half a century the pages of *Punch* have been recognised by the Bench as the only legitimate columns sacred to the support of Justice in all its branches. I consequently think it my duty—merely as the mouth-

piece of the profession to which I have the honour to belong—to offer my sincere congratulation to the universe at large, and that particular part and parcel of it known as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the result of the recent litigation concerning the copyright of *Tableaux Vivants*, or, to come to our dear old English vernacular, *Living Pictures*.

During the argument upon this knotty point, it was suggested that the Lords Justices in the Court of Appeal might, by assuming certain postures already used by an artist of considerable eminence, lay themselves open to the charge of an infringement of copyright. Had this point been conceded it would have been almost impossible to estimate the damage there would have been done to those who practise in the Divisions appropriated to *Nisi Prius*. Since the merging of Equity with Law I have extended my own practice, and

have now no objection to taking up work in the "Q. B. D.," the Chancery side, or even dabbling, so to speak, in Probate, Divorce and Admiralty. In the latter Division I have long desired to appear, as I have wished for an opportunity of suggesting to the presiding Judge and the assessor from the Trinity House that I am "all at sea," and consequently well fitted to deal with matters connected with our marine. In the courts over which Mr. Justices CHITTY, ROMER and NORTH (not to mention other ermine-wearers of equal eminence) preside it is not necessary to study posture, to any great extent. As a rule, counsel who appear in an administration suit are satisfied to adopt a colloquial tone, and rather neglect the graceful attitudes suggested by the statues of CORDOVA. It has not been my good fortune to appear very frequently in the Chancery Courts, and therefore I have not adopted many poses for the somewhat rare occasions to which I have alluded. To all intents and purposes, when I have consented to the appointment of a receiver, or asked (in the absence of my leader) that such and such a case may be "mentioned" on such and such a day, I have found that a more or less faithful reproduction of the pose of the Apollo Belvidere has been sufficient to obtain the goodwill of the Bench, the silent respect of the Bar, and the murmured admiration of the public in the gallery. The attitude is not a difficult one to master, especially if you strengthen your brief by giving greater stability to the bundle by the introduction of a stray copy of the *Athenaeum*.

But the decision in the matter of the *Living Pictures* is of the greatest importance to Counsel appearing at the Royal Courts before a jury, or attending the proceedings at the Old Bailey. At the Central Criminal Court an attitude is almost everything, and a barrister who thoroughly knows his work will never do full justice to his client's interests unless he can during the course of his address suggest a perfect gallery of noble statuary. If he has to abuse his opponent, he should be able at a moment's notice to reproduce *Ajax defying the Lightning*; and if he wishes to suggest the complications with which he has to contend, he should forcibly depict (with the valuable help of the firm of solicitors from whom he is receiving his instructions) the well-known group of *The Laocoon*. Without further multiplying instances, it will be seen at a glance how much may be done with the assistance of a lively recollection of the masterpieces of antiquity.

But to move a step in advance of this contention. A short while ago I called attention, in the name of the legal profession, to a valuable suggestion thrown out by the Editor of the *Times* newspaper, that in future lectures should be popularised. With the purpose of developing this most admirable proposal, I reported an imaginary Address that might be delivered in the Hall of Gray's Inn. The Address to which I now refer was, if my scheme were accepted, to be illustrated with dissolving views; and when I made the proposal, of course I had in my mind the wealth of material ready to hand in our picture-galleries. Deprive the lecturer of that material, and his powers of illustration would be poor indeed. No doubt portraits of the Judges shown on a disc would be received with respect, but they would become monotonous unless relieved by such stirring *tableaux* as "King JOHN signing Magna Charta," or "The Forceful Suppression of Grand Sergeanty." I fail to see how it would be possible to adequately depict the renowned "rule in *Shelley's Case*," unless recourse were had to the portfolios of MICHAEL ANGELO and his predecessors in the work of the studio.

Under all these circumstances I venture to submit that the decision in the matter of the *Living Pictures* has been of enormous benefit to the Bench, the Bar, and the Public. Fond as I am, from a professional point of view, of litigation, I can only hope that that decision will not be reversed. True, the House of Lords is open to those who are dissatisfied with the findings of the inferior Courts; but in this instance I trust the case may be left in its existing position. Practically, *Mr. Punch* is one of the best of our Judges, and I earnestly pray that, should such an appeal be brought before him, that he will support the decision already reached, and frown upon any proposition to disturb it.

(Signed)  
Pump-Handle Court, Feb. 24, 1894.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

### Argumentum ad Pocketum.

THE "Question of Pockets" perplexes the Sex,  
And she-pockets, indeed, seem constructed to vex;  
For they're commonly such—so it seems to mere man—  
That she cannot find, and the pickpocket can.  
One lady—whose views unto some will seem shockers—  
Says she carries hers in her neat knickerbockers!  
Common sense—and pickpockets—will doubtless confess  
That this is a step toward "Rational Dress."

ORDER OF THE THIRD CLASS FOURTH ESTATE.—He belongs to the great army of journalists serving under Field-Marshal QUILL, General PEN, Captain STEEL, and Lieutenant NIBBS. He is not in the Guards, but in one of the (penny-a-) line regiments.





## TRUE HOSPITALITY.

Jones (who's been roughing it lately—to Hostess). "I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS THE FIRST DECENT MEAL I'VE HAD FOR SIX WEEKS!"  
Hostess (genially). "I'M SO GLAD!"

## SESSION JUNCTION.

"Now then, please!"—They would sit at their ease, [knees;  
With toes on the foot-warmers, rugs on their  
For the train has been slow and the journey long,  
But *whangle!* *whangle!* that beastly gong,  
The railway bell is going it strong,  
Silence, silence that hideous bell! [well!  
"Look sharp, gentlemen!"—Well, well,  
If this is your Parliamentary train  
Who'd wish to travel by it again?  
Long, and slow—comfortless—chilly!  
We must tumble up though, willy-nilly.  
Bother that Guard, though! "I say BILLY,  
Isn't this sort of thing rather silly?  
How long here? Three minutes at most!  
Hang it! I feel like a vagrant ghost,  
Or Wandering Jew, for some nameless crime  
To travel doomed till the end of time."  
Quick, please gentlemen! Three minutes here!—  
Barely time for a glass o' beer!  
Travel? Nay, it is torture—sheer!  
Seem to have been at it more than a year!  
"Hillo, BALFOUR! Mind my toes!"  
"Right, Sir WILLIAM! Though goodness knows  
You're not as a rule so careful of mine!"  
"Faugh! Through trains—on this beastly line—  
Mean Eternity! Here you may drop ages  
Crawling along—and with three-minute stoppages!  
Not to mention the chance of collision.  
Newsboys even seem shouting derision.  
'Frost in the Commons!' 'Collapse of the Lords!!'  
(*Bah! my legs are as stiff as boards.*)  
Tumble up? Force a frozen smile?  
S'pose I must—but it's not worth while!"

"Now then, gentlemen! One minute more,  
And on we go—as we did before—  
Unless—which of course would be a bore—  
We chance to collide with—!"  
There, Guard, don't roar!  
After this long journey's hurry and hash,  
By Jove—we could almost welcome a smash.  
Anything that might warm our toes,  
And bring this weary jaunt to a close.  
They'd know what fret of spirit and flesh  
Who'd try the strain [meant,  
Of this long through-train,  
With nothing but three-minute halts for refreshment!

ON THE GREENWICH EXPLOSION.—Strange thing that an Anarchist who, intent on some nefarious design, wishes to escape observation, should willingly and knowingly walk about within a few yards of the "Observatory"! A foreigner ignorant of the language might have thought that a building intended as an "Observe-a-Tory" would not change its character and become an "Observe-an-Anarchist."

QUERY.—The critics generally intimate that Mr. ARTHUR LAW's new piece for Mr. WEDDON GROSSMITH, entitled *The New Boy*, is a version unauthorised of Mr. ANSTET GUTHRIE's inimitable *Vice Versa*. What remedy can Mr. GUTHRIE have when Mr. GROSSMITH has the Law on his side? However, should this piece achieve a real monetary success, the author may congratulate himself on representing, in his own person, *The Law and the Profits*.

THE RECENT FALL OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON PREMIER AT BOULOGNE.—"Gone Nap."

## IN CELLAR DEEP.

(Latest Stum-Landlord Version.)

In cellar deep poor souls I keep,  
Cold, damp, dark, dim, depressing;  
But though they pine, the Rent is mine,  
Earth's sweetest, truest blessing.  
With solemn pate let Science prate,  
That won't hurt me, I'm thinking,  
Three bob a week from those I seek,  
Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!  
In landlord's smile (of course) there's guile,  
He's skilled in arts deceiving;  
No fire or light by day or night,  
Or tenants would be leaving!  
If hence they die, the local eye  
Is probably found winking,  
Death will pursue the helpless crew  
Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!  
For come what may, such cellars pay,  
We landlords thrive on sorrow.  
My cellars still I'll gaily fill  
With waifs, who'll die to-morrow.  
When asked if joy finds no alloy  
In cruelty unshrinking,  
I tap my nose! Rents rise by those  
Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!

SO LIKE HER!—Mrs. R. has seen it announced that an opera called *I Medici* has been produced in Berlin. "Always going to the French for a subject," observed Mrs. R., "for, of course, this is only *The Medicine in spite of itself* set to music."

THEATRICAL ANTICIPATORY NOTE.—The new melodrama to be produced at the Adelphi is to be entitled *The Scales of Justice*. We hope there will be no great "waits" between the acts. Rather a fishy title, by the way.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 3, 1894.



## "SESSION JUNCTION."

GUARD OF PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN. "QUICK, IF YOU PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! THREE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT!"







## FOGGY WEATHER.

"HAS MR. SMITH BEEN HERE?" "YES; HE WAS HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO."  
"WAS I WITH HIM?"

## THE TRUE (AND ARISTOCRATIC) BLUES.

[*"Depression marks the fashionable woman—it is interesting to be seriously sad."*—*Hearth and Home.*]

COME, PHYLLIS, let us bravely try  
To seem supremely sad hereafter.  
The mournful voice, the thoughtful sigh  
Are more attractive now than laughter;  
Come, banish that plebeian smile,  
That happy look is simply folly,  
You must assume the latest style  
Of fashionable melancholy.

All cheerfulness is surely bad,  
Away with every kind of jesting,  
It is the "obviously sad"  
Who are, they tell us, "interesting";

No matter though you feel at heart  
Bright, gay, contented with the present,  
If nature fails, achieve by art  
A look consistently unpleasant.

So laugh no more, O PHYLLIS mine,  
But seem dejected, apprehensive,  
As though some destiny malign  
Had made those lovely features pensive;  
And you will weep, and I will sigh,  
And MAUD will speak in accents tearful;  
So that existence by-and-by  
Will really be extremely cheerful!

## PARADOX.

A PARTICULAR brand of bread is com-  
mended because it is "not kneaded."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANY new work by the author of *Timothy's Quest* is assured of a circle of charmed readers on both sides of the Atlantic. *Polly Oliver's Problem*, Mrs. WIGGIN's last book (GAY AND BIRD), is marked by that wholesome breeziness of tone, quiet humour and dainty style which have sent her earlier work into a fifth edition.

In the publication of THIERS's *History of the Consulate and the Empire of France*, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have embarked upon one of the most attractive and important literary undertakings of the year. My Baronet has a cherished recollection of boyhood, when the work, then fresh from the hand of the author, reposed on a certain library shelf, in twenty solid volumes, a romance enchanting beyond all contemporary fiction. The new edition, admirably translated by Mr. FORBES CAMPBELL and Mr. JOHN STERLING, will be completed in twelve volumes. The first, portable and well printed, brings the moving story from the date of the 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9, 1799) to the month of Germinal, year VIII. of what was still nominally the French Republic. Within the space of eighteen months we see NAPOLEON at his marvellous best, still young and slim, victor at Marengo, master of Italy, dictator on the Continent, baulked only by England, with whom, as the volume closes, he, under cover of a transitory peace, is preparing for a deadly struggle.

*My Child and I*, by FLORENCE WARDEN, is a story that you may take up in a hurry, but which you will not be able to put down as quickly as you took it up. Look at the clock! "I'll just read one more chapter," you'll say, "to see what happens to so-and-so"—the Baron will not disclose the secrets of the three volumes by breathing one single name—and then, having finished the chapter in less time than you had expected, you will give yourself "just five minutes" to dip into another. You'll dip, and dip, and dip, until, perhaps, unless your study be gas-lit or electric-lit, you will have expended the midnight oil and wax, and be reduced to "a dip," if such a thing can be found in the house. An imperious voice will be saying to you, "You don't leave the room till you have finished *that*," and even an imaginary finger will point to the third volume. An occasional helping of spiced brawn refreshes the literary palate, and is good for the literary digestion; and FLORENCE WARDEN's *My Child and I* will both tickle the taste, and satisfy the appetite. For ladies I should, says the Baron, recommend it, if you've been out for a good walk after lunch, with five o'clock tea, as it will occupy you till dinner-time; but for the men, the Baron would say, await the retiring hour after dinner, *l'heure de whisky et du tabac*, and then take *My Child and Me* (to be grammatical) on your knee, and enjoy it till your eyes close, and the demand for "the downy" is imperative. That this is the way to enjoy a novel is the boldly expressed opinion of the unselfish

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## Neighbours and Nuisances.

(*A Query by a (would be) Quiet Man.*)

"LOVE your neighbour as yourself as you travel the wide world through."  
Yes, that's all very well as a general rule, but what's a poor fellow to do  
When that neighbour, with whom upon neighbourly terms he would only be happy to jog,  
Keeps a strumming piano, a crowing cock, and nocturnally howling dog?

### THE STAGE MARITIME MURDER.

Oh, loud roars the metal thunder!  
Oh, fierce blows the beastly draught,  
Careering around and under  
The waves and the rocking raft!  
But now, though, the waters simmer,  
And now, though, they light the moon,  
Which says with its greenish glimmer  
That murder will happen soon!  
And then, there's the trembling tune,  
The tune that gets dimmer and dimmer and dimmer  
Till it sinks right away in a swoon!  
Yes, I know that theatrical tune,  
And I know that theatrical moon,  
Which invariably cometh too soon,  
Ere the gasman can trim her!

The raft is a creaking lumber  
Of curious logs of wood;  
The persons upon it number  
Just two, as they always should  
When tunes are *affettuoso*,  
And murder is in the air!  
When fiddles begin to go so,  
A corpse is as good as there!  
The men make a grisly pair,  
Their cheeks being smudged with  
the paint of starvation,  
And their eyes being fixed in a stare,  
In a rather remarkable glare,  
Which you never see anyone wear  
Save in this situation.

Oh, why are the fiddles fainter?  
Oh, why is the drumming o'er?  
Oh, why are the moonbeams quainter  
Than ever they were before?  
Oh, why—but I see the notion:  
The reason for all is plain;  
The murder is now in motion—  
The victim is in the main!  
Is struggling with might and main!  
Is kicking and making a fearful commotion  
In the dusty and faint-smelling main!  
But he struggles and struggles in vain,

### FANCY PORTRAIT.



"ROB ROY MACGREGOR OH!"

*The Macgregor.* "Ha! ha! YE HAVE NOT YET SUBDUED ROB ROY!" [*Exit.*]

[The Scotch Sea Fisheries Bill being not only "scotched," but practically "kilt," by the House of Lords, the Government has abandoned it. DR. MACGREGOR, therefore, arose in his wrath, and asked, as MR. WILSON BARRETT used to do in a celebrated melodrama, "How long! How long!" How long the Government intended to tolerate—]

*The Speaker.* "Order! order!"

*Whereupon The Macgregor . . .* but for what he did, see the above picture by our enthusiastic Highland Laddie.]

And he does it all over again—  
Till at last, to a sorrowful strain  
(Which I've heard many  
times at the Lane),  
A "trap" puts an end to his  
pain,  
And he sinks through the  
ocean!

### SHABBY IN OUR LABBY.

(By Nimrod, of Matabeleland and Wargrave-on-Thames.)

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."  
Of all the cynics smart and tart,  
There's none like dour LABBY;  
He makes of snarling a fine art,  
And chaffs like any Cabby.  
There's not a Rad in all the land  
Is half so shrewd as LABBY;  
But when 'gainst England he lifts  
hand

It seems a little shabby.

Of all the tasks a man may love  
There's one would give me  
gruel,  
And that is the attempt to prove  
My countrymen all cruel.  
But LABBY's jest is at its best,  
His pen most glib and gabby,  
When showing BULL a tyrant-  
fool;

How very odd of LABBY!

The quidnuncs and the gossips all  
Relish the pars of LABBY;  
On British troops he voids his gall,  
And paints LO BEN a babby.  
But Nimrod's no mere chopping-  
block,  
He'll have a shot at LABBY,  
And teach him not at pluck to  
mock  
In fashion sour and shabby.

"MEAN DENSITY OF A BODY."  
—We are asked for a definition.  
Here it is. A miserly chap who,  
on being asked for a trifling loan,  
pretends to be uncommonly hard  
of hearing. [N.B. This is a deaf-  
inition.]

SUGGESTION BY "OUR ULTRA RAD."—He calls the House of Lords "a set of old washerwomen, who, as they play havoc with any Bills sent up to them, ought to advertise over their door at Westminster, 'Mangling done here.'"

### RE CASTE AT THE GARRICK.

I THINK it is *Eccles* who says, "Let the young 'uns have a chance," and on this principle Messrs. HARE and BANCROFT have re-cast *Caste*, with GILBERT HARE as *Sam Gerridge*. Now the worst, or the best (as you will) of this re-arrangement is that the *Leveret* is so uncommonly like the old Hare, that HARE *père*, as to allow small chance to those who have seen *Caste* with the original cast of forgetting the old *Jeremiah* as they see before them the young *Jeremiah*, and consequently uttering a jeremiad. On the other hand, those who see this *Caste* for the first time are immensely pleased with HARE minor; but even these, being acquainted with other performances of HARE major, and having been told that this is HARE major's part, cannot be quite unprejudiced, much as they may enjoy the performance of HARE minor. This may be mere Hare-splitting, but, if it is so, who began it? Why, the Management,—whatever that term may mean,—at the Garrick.

FORBES ROBERTSON is excellent; he is a thoroughly manly *George d'Alroy*. But poor Mr. ARINGTON cannot keep BANCROFT out of the part, very much as the well-intentioned *Mr. Dick* could not, for the life of him, exclude King CHARLES's Head from his Memorial. And if ARINGTON cannot forget BANCROFT, how much less can it be

expected of an audience who know the idiosyncracies of that actor by heart? Miss KATE RORKE is most interesting as *Esther*; but Miss MAY HARVEY is inclined to over-act *Polly Eccles*; she is, however, very good, and at her very best in the last Act, which would cover a multitude of faults, even if there were a multitude to cover.

There cannot be, and could never have been, a better *Marquise* than Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, who is *La Marquise au bout des ongles*, a typical foolish feminine aristocrat. The piece is all very charming and very pretty, but it has become old-fashioned, yet not so sufficiently old-fashioned as to make it a study of a period. A JUNIOR O. P.

"THE MISSING HACKNEY CLERGYMAN."—"Odd!" remarked Mrs. R., on reading the above headline in the *P. M. G.*, "I have heard of a 'Hackney coachman,' but never of a 'Hackney clergyman.' And yet," she added reflectively, "I have heard of a clergyman whose 'sermon was rather hackney'd.' So, I suppose there is a regular set of them about."

OH, WHAT A SIR-PRIZE!—A Knighthood.

THE ANARCHIST'S MOTTO.—"You be blowed-up!"





# PUNCH'S TABLEAUX

No. 2

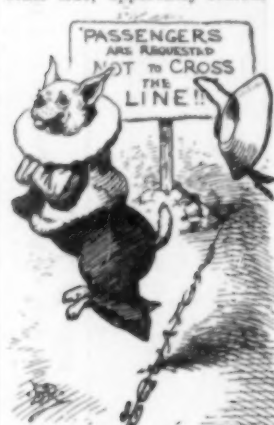
"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT."

Leader of Scotch Deputation to Mr. G. (subsequently to his henchman). "EH, MON, WE MAY JUST PIPE AND PIPE, BUT HE'LL NO DANCE!"  
 "It was arranged that the Scotch Members should call on Mr. GLADSTONE with reference to priority of Scotch business during the coming Session."—Daily Paper.

## TOBY, M.P., IN THE TROPICS.

R.M.S. "Pembroke Castle." Saturday.—Under the Southern Cross. The sun is shining out of a blue sky. A warm west wind is blowing; half a mile to leeward a school of whales puffing and blowing, as if the water were insupportably hot. Since we left Madeira we have been sailing on a summer sea, lightly rippled by a breeze that one night, blowing off Cape de Verde, brought a strong smell of seaweed, though no land was visible.

Conversation quite easy now; but no such desire to indulge in it as was displayed when the rollers of the Bay of Biscay made it impossible. Quite enough to sit about the deck, read and smoke. We have come unto a land where it is always afternoon. Realise the languor of the lotus-eater. Our world is bounded by a horizon five miles distant, whichever way we look. For us the while this is all the world, and we have it to ourselves—we and the whales. For more than a day after we left Madeira a flock of sea-gulls followed us, swooping restless and tireless in our wake. They have deserted us, gone back to Madeira, or, peradventure, called in to moult a friendly feather on acquaintances at Cape de Verde. Twice a ship, homeward bound, has passed us by on the other side, apparently fearful of breaking in upon our solitude.



Toby Crossing the Line.

The scene, fair all day, is fairest at night, when the wind falls, and a sultry yet fresh air, born in Africa, whose continent we skirt, floats over the ship.

Last night as darkness fell our pathway was lighted on the one side by the setting sun, on the other by the rising moon. Later the stars came out, their sheen reflected like diamond points upon the glassy sea. Night follows night, each resembling the other in quietness and beauty. After dinner this evening we had a concert in the saloon, at which passengers from other parts of the ship looked in. Afterwards on deck, listening to the bells sounding the swiftly passing hours, with the answering "All's well" sung by the man on watch in the distant bows.

Thursday.—Astride the Equator. Crossed the Line at ten o'clock this morning. Would not have known it if Captain hadn't mentioned circumstance. Anyone could have done it, as dear old JOHNNY TOOLE used to say. When its over think no more of it than when you've crossed Piccadilly. Not nearly so dangerous. SARK says he felt slight shock as if we touched it. That is his imagination, which is always active.

Thermometer on deck marks 84°. Spend day in truly British fashion. After luncheon played cricket. After dinner had a ball on lower deck. Ball-room covered in by awning open at sides to wind blowing in from Atlantic. Still a trifle hot for the exercise.

Getting a little anxious about FATHER MULLINGAR. Evil communications are having proverbial effect. He is, so to speak, growing a little tropical. First noticed him coming down Channel from Southampton. His presence seemed to cast a peaceful balm over the ship, its busy crew and its multitudinous passengers setting forth on a long voyage. SARK looking upon him began softly to whistle "For those in peril on the Sea." Like another great man, FATHER MULLINGAR is "little but 'e's wise." Benignantly wise he seemed as he stood with folded hands surveying through gold-rimmed spectacles the bustling scene on deck. The sombreness of his clerically cut black suit was solely lightened by a deep band of linen tied across his throat, serving the part of an ordinary collar. On his head was a black silk cap with here and there a tint of purple, presaging the cardinalate to which faithful service would eventually bring him. It was said that he had served man and the Church in all the wilds of the earth. Had been partly burned by the Sioux in the backwoods of Canada; had dined off sperm oil with the Esquimaux; had been buried up to his neck by unbelievers in Central Africa; and had for an hour and twenty minutes been used as a target by a Zulu horde.

These things may be true. I can personally vouch for fact that on morning after we left Madeira I saw FATHER MULLINGAR standing at the bar drinking a cock-tail before breakfast. He explained that he had never tasted one before, which may account for the unusual hour. Next morning passing smoke-room where TENNYSON used to read *Maud* to Mr. G. received another shock. Caught a glimpse behind a hand of cards of pair of eyes twinkling through gold spectacles. It was FATHER MULLINGAR joining a hand at whist. He played it badly too.

"Ah," said he apologetically; "you should see me play euchre. That's my game."

This afternoon he appeared on the cricket field got up in pair of ducks, with white flannel shirt tied round the waist by bandana neatly coloured in violet and vermilion. In place of his clerical white collar shone a red and yellow kerchief of the kind dear to the heart of the costermonger out for a Sunday afternoon. On his feet were a pair of pumps with neat bow of ribbon tied over instep. The good Father pointedly called attention to these by a habit, contracted in some foreign parts, of lifting up a foot when the ball was delivered and standing on one leg to bat. This, he says, diminishes the risk from a ball a little off the wicket delivered with undue swiftness. Still like BOBS OF RUDYARD KIPLING's fancy, "e's a terror for 'is size," is FATHER MULLINGAR. He's bound on mission service for New Zealand, and being in good hands on board this ship, he'll be able to teach the natives a thing or two when he arrives.

Saturday.—Off St. Helena, but cannot see it, because, like the Spanish fleet, it is not yet in sight. Hear a pretty story about the famous picnic trip. After luncheon at Copenhagen, it was suggested that TENNYSON should follow his custom of an afternoon, and read aloud from his poems. Poet Laureate usually had seated next to him the young lady of the party, and had formed pleasing habit of holding her hand with fatherly affection whilst he declaimed favourite passages from his works. In the arrangement of guests and visitors in smoking-room after the Copenhagen lunch, the PRINCESS OF WALES chanced to sit on TENNYSON's left, in place usually occupied by the other young lady. TENNYSON read *Maud*. As he proceeded, losing himself, as usual, in the intensity of the poem, the other guests were horrified to observe his left hand fall into its accustomed position, and seize that of his companion on his left. H.R.H. smiled, and left her hand passive in the poet's vigorous grasp, where it was held till the reading was finished. (N.B. This (by exception) is a true story.)

Capetown, Monday.—You remember HORACE's *Iter ad Brundisium*, an account of his travels through Greece, on his way to visit the famous Brundisium? He gives much detail of the journey; tells how bad was the water he had to drink, and how he used to anoint his weak eyes. A single line of the narrative, and that the last, is given to Brundisium. "Here," he writes (I quote from memory. No HORACE in ship's library), "ends my journey and my stock of writing materials."

Shall follow in my *Iter ad Capum* an illustrious example, by writing nothing about Capetown. This for divers reasons. First, I shall be back almost as soon as this reaches you, and will tell you all about it. Next, I am straightway going up country to meet LO BENGULA. I have a message and a parcel for him. When SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE heard I was going to South Africa, he came bearing a blanket and a parcel of tracts, which he begged me to bestow on LO BEN, should I come upon him by the wayside, evicted without compensation.

"I would," said the good man, brushing away a tear, "have added a rifle and a bottle of rum. But I do not like ostentatiously to place myself in competition with agencies of older standing for the spread of civilisation."

## BRAVO CAMBRIDGE!

[Cambridge beat Oxford at Association Football, February 21.]

BRAVE boys, you beat the odds and Oxford too;  
A feather this in football-caps for you.  
Cambridge may fail, and things go huffer-mugger,  
When meeting Oxford at the game called "Rugger."  
Yet who henceforth shall rashly dare to mock her  
When with great Oxford shins are crossed at "Soccer"?  
From eulogistic and exhaustless firkins  
Shall streams of Cambridge butter flow for PERKINS,  
Who boldly faced the cloud-compelling FRY,  
And, shooting well and wisely, wiped his eye.  
Tell me who better challenges comparison  
With classic heroes than the dauntless HARRISON,  
Who, when the ball came near him, never missed it,  
Withstanding Oxford charges while he "fisted."  
O keen to charge and skilful to defend,  
Accept, ye brave, three cheers from *Punch*, your friend.

"LIABILITY OF PARTNERS."—"Look here, BILLIE, dear," said NELLIE to her cousin at a dance; "I will put your name down on my card for all the dances that are not filled up, and then I can say 'I am engaged.'" "Yes," returned BILLIE; "but where do I come in?" "Oh," returned NELLIE, quickly; "you'll come in for any row from Mamma."

THEATRICAL ON DUTY.—Signora DUSE is coming to revisit us. At least they *du say say* so.





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*London Medical Record.*

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